Limits 253

Chapter 253

Under Jack's lead, the finance students found renewed courage. Their spirits soared, and they fought with a newfound intensity, scattering Leslie and Hector's crew in every direction.

Jack wasn't about to let the masterminds off easy. He grabbed Leslie by the collar and unleashed a flurry of punches, each blow landing ruthlessly. Meanwhile, Samuel and Joshua had Hector pinned down, taking turns pummeling him without mercy.

Even the supposed muscle-like the vice president of the Taekwondo club, Wayne Fuller-tried to rally the troops. Mimicking Jack, he attempted a dramatic charge.

"Follow me! Use me as your flag-charge!"

He barely got the words out before Isaac's fist connected squarely with his face. "Do you think you can compare to Jack?" Isaac scoffed.

Wayne, for all his bravado, proved to be no match. Despite his tall and broad physique, one punch sent him crashing headfirst into a nearby trash can, legs dangling out in a comical display. Ironically, his butt stuck out prominently, a sight that would've been funny under different circumstances.

Leo watched the chaos unfold, mouth agape. "Holy crap, Jack-you're incredible!"

Charlotte stood beside him, a slight smile playing on her lips as she watched Jack directing the fight with pinpoint accuracy. This was not the same guy she had met in a dingy internet café back in Perthter City. Yet, here he was, turning the tide in a seemingly impossible battle.

Zane narrowed his eyes, reevaluating Jack. At that moment, he saw not just a scrappy fighter, but a leader-someone who commanded respect and inspired others.

The ladies from the shared dorm room were equally stunned. Watching Jack in action, they saw something almost luminous about him, as if he radiated an unexplainable energy.

Queenie stood frozen, her eyes wide with disbelief. The tables had turned so drastically-Jack and Joshua, once cornered, were now pushing back with overwhelming force.

Meanwhile, Feena stood a few steps away, lips slightly parted, eyes fixed on Jack. Watching him fiercely protect his friends, she suddenly found clarity.

Jerome's words echoed in her mind, and seeing Jack in action solidified everything.

Suddenly, a voice from the crowd shouted a warning, "Run! They're calling in reinforcements!"

The warning came from one of the ladies from the School of Finance.

They knew that while Jack and his friends had the upper hand, for now, the arrival

of more of Leslie and Hector's allies would tip the scales.

And right on cue, angry shouts erupted from the edge of the crowd.

A group of thugs, armed with baseball bats and iron rods stormed through,

shoving aside onlookers with menacing glares.

These guys weren't students—they were street toughs. Scarred faces and cold, dead eyes that spoke of countless street brawls.

Leading them was a man in his 30s, gripping an iron rod with a wicked scar slashing from the corner of his mouth up to his eye. His presence was nothing short of terrifying.

He bellowed, "Everybody, freeze!"

The sheer force of his voice brought Jack and his group to a halt, their adrenaline momentarily stalling as they turned to face this new threat.

Leslie and Hector, who had been cowering moments earlier, lit up with relief at the sight of their backup arriving. They scrambled over, desperation turning into vindication.

Hector, gasping, rushed over to the scarred leader. "Robert, you finally made it! Teach these bastards a lesson-they dared to lay hands on us!"

Leslie, wiping the blood from his mouth, nodded coolly. "Take care of this, and I'll handle whatever comes next."

These weren't just random thugs-they were friends from outside the university, the kind of guys Leslie and Hector relied on when things got rough.

Hardened criminals who treated brawls and run-ins with the law like daily routines. For the university students, these men were the embodiment of fear itself.

The finance students' bravado flickered. Their eyes widened and breaths hitched -they weren't prepared to face something like this.